



A Lanthorne for Landlords: To the tune of the Duke of Norfolk,



With sobbing grief my heart will break
 Asunder in my brest,
 Before this story of great woe,
 I truly have exprest:
 Therefore let all kind-hearted men,
 And those that tender be,
 Come beare a part of this my griefe,
 and joyntly say with me,
 Woe worth the man, & c.
 Not long agoes in Lincolne dwelt,
 As I did understand,
 A labouring man from thence set forth,
 to serue in Ireland:
 And there in Princes warres was slaine,
 As both that Country know,
 But left his widow great with child
 as euer she could goe.
 This woman having gone her time,
 Her husband being dead,
 Of two fine pretty Boyes at once
 was sweetly brought to bed,
 Whereat her wicked Landlord straight,
 Did ponder in his minde,
 How that their wants he must relieue,
 and succour for them finde.
 For being bozne upon his ground,
 This was his vile conceit,
 That he the mother should maintaine,
 and giue the other meat:
 Which to preuent he hysd fast,
 unto this widow poyze,
 And on the day she went to Church,
 he turn'd her out of doze,
 Her household goods he straynd upon,
 To satisfie the rent,
 And left her scarce a ragge to weare,
 so full was he bent,

Her pretty Babes that sweetly slept
 Upon her tender brest,
 Were forced by the Spilers rage,
 by nights in streets to rest:
 Quoth she, my husband in your cause,
 In warres did lose his life,
 And will you use thus cruelly
 his harmelese wedded wife?
 O God reuenge a widowes wrong,
 That all the world may know,
 How you have lost a Souldiers wife,
 a begging for to goe.
 From Lincolne thus this widow went,
 But left her curse behind,
 And begged all the Land about,
 her maintenance to find:
 At many places where she came,
 She knew the whipping post,
 Constrained still as beggers be,
 to taste on such like roff.
 And weary of such punishment,
 Which she had suffered long,
 She daily thought within her heart,
 she had exceeding wrong:
 And coming nere to Norwich gates,
 In griefes she sate her downe,
 Desiring God that neuer she
 might come in that same Towne,
 For I had rather liue, quoth she,
 Within these pleasant fields,
 And feed my children with such food,
 as woods and meddowes yeld,
 Before I will of rich men beg,
 Or craue it at their doze,
 Whose hearts I know are mercilesse
 unto the needy poze.

45. 6. 28. 206.

The second part,

To the same tune.

Her Boy's now grown to two yeres
 Dis from their mother run, (old
 To gather eares of Barly Cozne,
 as they befoze had done,
 But marke what heaby chance befell
 Unto these pretty Elves;
 They hapned into Lands of Wheat
 wherein they lost themselves.
 Woe worth, &c.
 And thinking to returne againe,
 They wandzed further still.
 Farre from their mothers hearing quite,
 full soze against her will,
 Who sought them all the feldes about,
 But labouring all in vaine,
 For why, her children both were lost,
 and could not come againe.
 The two sweet babes when they perceiv'd
 The cole-blacke night dye'd on,
 And they not in their mothers sight,
 for her did make great mone:
 But wearied with the dayes great heat,
 They sate them downe and cryed,
 Untill such time that arme in arme,
 these two sweet infants dyed.
 Their mother after thre dayes search,
 Resolved had her mind,
 That some good honest meaning man
 did both her children find:
 And therefore went to seeke her selfe
 A service out of hand,
 Who chanced with that man to dwell,
 which owed this greene wheat land.
 It fell out so in harvest time,
 This woefull widdow then,
 Was at the reaping of the Wheate,
 with other labouring men,
 Where finding of her libelless babes,
 Almost consum'd away,
 Shee wring her hands and beat her brest
 but knew not what to say.
 The rumoz of which woefull chance,
 Throughout the City told,
 Enforced many a weeping eye,
 the same for to behold.
 From whence shee was convey'd againe
 To Lincolne backe with speed,
 To prosecute the Law against
 the causer of this deed.
 But see the judgement of the Lord,
 How he in fury great,
 Did bring this Miser to distresse,
 though wealthy was his seat.
 For when to Lincolne shee was brought,
 The Caitiffe hee was gone,
 Of all his cursed family,
 remaining was but one,
 For first the house wherein shee dwelt,
 Did prove unfortunate,
 Which made the Landlord & his friends,
 to marvell much thereat.

For tenants foure there dwelt therein
 A twelve month and a day,
 Yet none of them could thrive at all.
 but beggers went away:
 Whereas this miserable wretch
 Did turne it to a baine,
 And fild it full in harvest time,
 with good red wheat and cozne,
 To keep it safely from the poore,
 Untill there came a yere,
 That famine might oppresse them all,
 and make all victuals deare,
 But God forgetting not the wrong,
 He did the widdow poore,
 Sent downe a fire from heaven,
 consumed all his store:
 By which this wicked miser man,
 Was brought to beggery,
 And likewise laid a grievous scourge
 upon his family:
 His wife shee prov'd a curied witch,
 And burned for the same,
 His daughter now a Strumpet is
 at London in defame,
 At Leicester at the Sizes last,
 Was hanged his eldest sonne,
 For there consenting wickedly
 unto a murder done.
 His second sonne was fled away
 Unto the enemy,
 And prov'd disloyall to his Prince,
 and to his owne Country.
 His yongest sonne had like mishap,
 Of woofser in my mind,
 For hee consented to a bitch,
 contrary unto kind,
 For which, the Lord without delay,
 Raine'd vengeance on his head,
 Who like a sinnefull Sodomite
 defiled Nature's bed.
 For there were two great mastiffe dogs,
 That met him in a wood,
 And tore his limbs in pieces small,
 devouring up his blood:
 Whereof when as his father heard,
 Most like a desperate man,
 Within a Channell drown'd himselfe,
 that downe the street it ran,
 Where as water could scarce suffice,
 To drown a silly mouse:
 And thus the ruine you have heard
 of him and all his house.
 The widdow shee was soone possesst
 Of all the goods he left,
 In recompence of those sweet babes
 mischance from her bereft,
 Therefore let all hard-hearted men,
 By this example take,
 That God is just, and will be true,
 for woefull widdowes sake.
 Woe worth the man, &c.